

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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New York, which is in other respects metropolitan, still adheres to the old village custom of an annual "moving-day." By an unwritten but irresistible law, the first of May is a day of migrations and changes of domicile. House-hunting, in anticipation of these necessary changes, is an experience which, as a rule, is full of irritations, disappointments, and annoyances. Mr. Clinedinst's picture gives a vivid idea of one of these searches for a home in the up-town district.

HOUSE-HUNTING IN NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 374.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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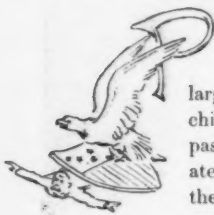
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The Security of the State.



POLITICIANS as a class are apt to underrate the intelligence and civic virtue of the people. They largely rely for success upon artifice, chicane, and appeals to the prejudice, passion, and selfishness of the electorate. They do not take into account the influence of conscience and moral conviction as factors in determining all expressions of popular opinion. For this reason they are often overwhelmed with surprise and amazement by unexpected results at the polls. This was the experience of the leaders of both parties in the elections of last November. Some of these leaders on the Republican side pretended, indeed, after the results were announced, that they had foreseen what was coming; some went so far as to say that these results were due to their sagacity; but the pretense was the hollowest assumption and only excited the ridicule of intelligent observers. The same thing is true of the more recent elections. These elections were full of surprises to the politicians of both parties, in this and other States. None of them anticipated results so overwhelmingly disastrous to the Democracy. Many of them looked for Republican successes, but in every instance, without exception, these successes greatly exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The so-called wiseacres in politics did not comprehend the intensity of popular feeling nor measure, even approximately, the strength of that sentiment of fidelity to sound principles of government which, once aroused, is the supreme potency in every community.

It is probably too much to expect that our politicians as a class will be seriously impressed by the fact here affirmed. Accustomed to intrigue; wedded to methods which leave the moral forces out of account; esteeming a machine in the hands of corrupt and selfish bosses as the paramount necessity in all partisan activities, they will refuse to see in these recent uprisings any condemnation of their accepted theories, and persist, as before, in discrediting the popular intelligence and antagonizing the popular will. This, in fact, is just what is being done in the Legislature at Albany, and seems likely to be done to the end of the chapter. The Republicans in that body were elected to effect the liberation of the State from boss control and secure to the people the benefits of honest administration. Instead of discharging that important duty in a straightforward and statesmanlike way, they have wasted weeks in disgraceful contentions and the furtherance of schemes looking to the aggrandizement of one and another so-called party "leader." The public business has been delayed and needed reforms have been endangered by petty personal intrigues, and even when legislation desirable and proper in itself has been enacted, it has been conditioned upon partisan considerations utterly unworthy and indefensible. In a word, making allowance for all that has been done in the right direction, the shameful fact is that matters of the gravest and weightiest character have been trifled with, and there is serious danger that the results which the revolution of last November were expected to assure will measurably fail of realization.

But if the average politician is incapable of appreciating the significance of the popular elections, the citizen who is solicitous for upright rule will find in these results ample

ground of hope for the future. His faith in government of the people and by the people is confirmed. He realizes that popular institutions are secure so long as the public virtue can be relied upon to assert itself, independently of all partisan restraints and defiant of all hostile environment, in vindication of the principles for which they stand. Parties may prove recreant to their engagements, audacious conspirators against the public rights and interests may now and then obtain temporary mastery, but in the long run the conscience of the people will control, incarnating itself in positive policy and law.

There is no more hopeful fact in our political history than that disclosed in the returns of the spring elections, namely, that, however professional politicians may underestimate or disallow it, the intelligence of the people, backed by a sturdy civic spirit, is, in every hour of storm and peril, the sure anchor of the commonwealth. In the darkest night we may, trusting to its abiding strength, wait patiently and hopefully for the day.

Inconsistent Democratic Senators.

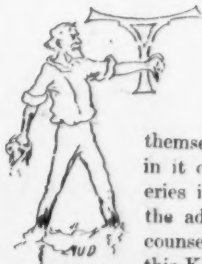


THE Democratic Senators who have refused to support the Wilson Tariff bill have exposed themselves to deserved condemnation at the hands of the leaders of their party. There is no possible ground on which, as Democrats standing on the party platform, these Senators can defend their action as to this measure. That platform explicitly declares protection to be unconstitutional. The Wilson bill was constructed mainly on anti-protection lines. Loyal Democrats were bound by every consideration of party fidelity to support it. But the Senators in question have persisted in opposing it unless so amended as to afford protection to certain specified interests. "In the secret of the committee-rooms"—to use the language employed by the leaders of the Minnesota Democracy in their recent address—these Senators, characterized as "attorneys of the trusts," "browbeat" their associates with audacious threats until they secured a surrender to their demands in the elimination from the bill of its "one distinctively Democratic feature," and it was "made hardly distinguishable from the one it proposes to displace."

It is not surprising that Democrats who believe in free trade and regard party pledges as sacredly obligatory should be filled with indignation by this inconsistent and illogical course of the revolting Senators, and that they should be denounced as traitors, "fit to stand alongside of Benedict Arnold in the annals of our country." They cannot plead any patriotic motive. They are not controlled by any anxious solicitude for the public welfare, or any supreme regard for principle. They are influenced by personal considerations only—their one purpose being to maintain their personal prestige and authority with their own immediate constituencies, at whatever cost to their party as a whole.

These remarks, of course, do not apply to the opposition manifested by Senator Hill and others to the income-tax feature of the Wilson bill. As to that, there being nothing in the Democratic platform concerning it, every Senator is at liberty to exercise his individual opinion. Senator Hill's arraignment of this feature of the bill is a manly and courageous protest against a proposition which is at once undemocratic and unnecessary. It exposes with absolute conclusiveness the utter incompetency of his party for the important work which it has undertaken. But it does not justify or excuse his attitude of hostility to the tariff policy of his party. If it be said that he cannot, with the views he entertains, support that policy without stultifying himself, the obvious answer is that he cannot antagonize it without sacrificing his consistency as a Democrat, and exposing himself to censure as a conspirator against the party faith and welfare. He must adapt his views to the party standard, or he must abandon any pretense that he is any longer "a Democrat."

An Indecent Plea.



THE remarkable trial which was recently concluded in Washington was crowded from first to last with indecencies which should never have been permitted to display themselves to the public gaze. But nothing in it or about it, barring the wanton lecheries it disclosed, was more indecent than the address of Colonel Phil Thompson, of counsel for the defense. The attempt of this Kentucky lawyer to justify the offense of the culprit at the bar on the ground that all the "great men in history who were not hypocrites" were as bad and vile as he is shown to be, was at once an insult to the common intelligence and a plea for impurity and sensualism in their most bestial forms. Not less infamous and outrageous was his argument that the plaintiff had been elevated rather than lowered "by her affair with the defendant." This is the first time, we think,

that the doctrine has ever been advanced in an American court that there is a lifting and ennobling power in sin when the sinning is done by one of exalted station. We do not wonder that the presiding judge, shocked at the indecencies of this harangue, felt compelled to protest against them and warn the offender to desist. A good deal of latitude must, undoubtedly, be allowed to counsel in the presentation and argument of cases intrusted to their hands, but when the freedom of debate runs into license and is employed to exploit falsehood and advance views prejudicial to public morals as well as individual virtue, the man so misusing it should be silenced, at whatever discomfort to himself, by an effectual assertion of the judicial authority. It is creditable to the press of Kentucky, whence the offending lawyer comes, that it has denounced with practical unanimity his abuse of the privileges of his office. The Louisville Times says of his address, that "it was pitched upon a plane so low, so brutal and vulgar, that every self-respecting and State-loving Kentuckian must rise up and repudiate with scorn and detestation the estimate which he places upon American manhood and womanhood." And the Courier-Journal, speaking not less emphatically, says that the address could hardly have been lower or coarser, being "based on a conception of morals and philosophy as vicious as it is false."

The English Girls' Revolt.



IT is curious what a rumpus the Declaration of Independence, in more than one way, has made in the world. Its influence descended to Kossuth and Mazzini; it helped to establish the French republic; it has changed the working of the English constitution; and, just now, the remote effects of it are seen in an argumentative tumult on the part of feminine English society over the proper status of the English girl. The staidest of reviews, the literary weekly, and the daily press in England, after giving liberal space to the theme for several weeks, are not yet done with it. Mothers and daughters have their essays displayed side by side, in rejoinder and surrejoinder, and speak their opinions with a freedom that could not be tolerated orally.

The controversy started with the complaint of the girls. They have never said their souls were their own before, but they say it now. For generations they have been tied to their mother's or their guardian's apron-string, and have walked meekly in the narrow circle it permitted. Whether five years of age or twenty-five, they are held equally as infants, and kept diligently protected from man and other wild animals. They are like small children who walk at first only in the temporary circular go-cart, except that in their case the moral go-cart is always with them. They see society and the world mainly through bars, or a cage, with keepers on hand for a possible accident or emergency. This treatment, of necessity, has subdued their souls and crippled their speech. They see the American girl fluent and captivating, while they are not. With minds cramped, and themselves untrained for a social encounter, how can they be fluent or vivacious?

English girls are pretty, often, and superbly beautiful and attractive ones are not rare. They have health and rotundity almost always, but, spite of all, this generation of them sees the American girl preferred before them even by their own masculine friends; they see her becoming the wife of some member of Parliament or of the Cabinet; they are confronted by the fact that there is really no prize too high for her attainment. She is the pet of society, the object of homage, equal to any encounter or any occasion.

It is inevitable that, seeing these things, the English girl should draw an inference, or at least a sigh. She would be truly angelic if she did not. She might tolerate the triumph of her rival more easily if there were more men in sight, or if there were not so many of her own class. But, apart from men and marriage, she has longings and ambitions which call for an assertion of personality. To accomplish these, as well as to settle happily in domestic life, if that is her aim, she must be a person and not a mere appendage. Her plea seems to us a work of supererogation, so obvious and unanswerable it is.

She wishes, briefly, a little real autonomy. She would like to walk at least two or three blocks from the house without the aid of a chaperon. She thinks she could go to a matinee unattended. She might even ride in an open carriage by daylight with a respectable young man and with no gray-headed female companion close at hand to overlook her manners and overhear her discourse. It is a small budget of such slight desires as these that she unfolds, and it is her grievance that they have been so long withheld and stifled. She flatly denies that she cannot take care of herself if she has the opportunity, and does not believe, if her orbit is thus extended, that the orbit of the earth or the wholesome economy of the universe will be in any way imperiled. Nor do we.

In one of Hans Christian Andersen's stories, a single chicken of a hen's brood strayed through the orchard fence which was the boundary of their common home. On looking about, it saw that the orchard was not all, and that

there was a beautiful and not wholly wicked world beyond. The English girl, with a similar simplicity, is looking of late into broader pastures. It is to be hoped her present discussion and remonstrance for the freedom she deserves may not prove unavailing.

European Disarmament.



THE London *Spectator* discusses with some gravity the rumor which has obtained currency in Europe that the great Powers are secretly discussing the possibility of some arrangements which would assure enduring peace. It is inclined to regard the story as having some foundation in fact, arguing mainly from the well-known circumstance that the ruling potentates are profoundly conscious of the dangers of the present situation, and the belief that they would welcome any policy, consistent with national honor, which would afford relief. The question of meeting the enormous outlay involved in keeping up the existing military establishments is every day becoming more serious and alarming; to two or three of the Powers the constant accumulation of burdens, with growing discontent everywhere, is undoubtedly a menace which must soon be faced and averted if their integrity is to be preserved. The *Spectator* believes that a scheme might be devised under which the results desired could be attained—as, for instance, a treaty “openly and avowedly declaring a truce for ten years, and withdrawing all but necessary troops two hundred miles from the frontier of each State.” It is confident that such a truce would be kept, its advantages being so obvious as to practically compel its observance. Such an arrangement would greatly reduce the expenditures on military account, would quicken the processes of production and accumulation, and contribute largely to the abatement of the anarchical spirit which is now a principal element of trouble. Such a truce, however, to be fully effective on the money side, should embody a distinctive clause definitely fixing and reducing the drill period of each European army, and as to this there would probably be serious difficulties arising from the opposition of the military staffs. Even this obstacle, however, might be overcome if the sovereigns should set themselves about the work in real earnest.

Whatever may be the fact as to the present purpose of the Powers concerning a partial disarmament, the discussion of the subject, which is now becoming almost universal, discloses a wide and deep-seated conviction that matters cannot go on much longer as they are. The war that looms forever in the horizon of European politics—the great struggle that is expected to solve the problem of mastery on the continent—will presently become a necessity if the existing armaments are maintained aggressively and threateningly on every border and at every strategic centre. But it may be postponed, or, if it ultimately comes, its horrors and desolations may be diminished, if for a decade or two the hostile governments and peoples can have a taste of the blessings of a real peace on the basis of an international armistice. Not only the rulers, but thoughtful men of every class, and those especially who are influential in moulding public opinion, are coming to realize this possibility, and it may be that, with the Emperors of Russia and Germany anxious, as they are said to be, for peace, and the French republic content to wait events, meanwhile building itself up in harmony with the broad and progressive ideas to which it now seems committed, militarism in Europe may cease to be, for a time at least, the monstrous evil and the murderous menace it has been for two decades gone. But nothing can be taken as finally assured where national jealousies and racial ambitions, long harbored and nourished, enter into the account.

Society Leaders Want the Ballot.

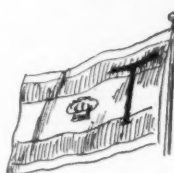


THE movement initiated by representative society women of this city in favor of equal suffrage is a fact of more than ordinary significance. It has been usually held that women of this class have no desire for the ballot, and it is true that the agitation for the enfranchisement of women has been largely confined to females of the so-called “strong-minded” sort—professional “reformers,” who imagine themselves to have a commission to adjust everything in the world to radical conditions. But apparently this is a mistaken view and must be abandoned. The New York movement has the support of many conspicuous society leaders, and is backed also by some prominent divines and laymen, whose co-operation will unquestionably help to popularize the object it has in view. Efforts are to be confined for the present to the

distribution of suffrage literature and the circulation of petitions to the forthcoming Constitutional Convention asking for female suffrage. In furtherance of the general purpose, classes in social economics have been formed, and these will be multiplied, affording women of the higher social class opportunities for the study of economic and other questions as to which they should be informed in order to an intelligent discharge of political duties.

The argument so often advanced that in the event of the enfranchisement of women those of foreign birth would outvote the native-born is met by the leaders of this movement with statistics which seem to show conclusively that the fact is directly otherwise. As to the objection that the “ki chen would outvote the parlor,” they show that “Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia are the only States in the Union where the domestic servants come anywhere near equaling in number the women of the upper classes.” In the State of New York, it is said, “the domestic servants form only three and one-half per cent. of the population.” These figures, if correct, must be regarded as effectually disposing of one of the stock arguments against the woman-suffrage movement, but they will not probably have a great deal of weight in disarming the prejudices of its more stubbornly conservative antagonists. There is no doubt, however, that the cause of woman’s “emancipation,” now that it has obtained foothold and active champions in “polite society,” will command a much larger measure of sympathy and attention than it has enjoyed hitherto.

Castelar's Change of Front.



THE withdrawal of Emilio Castelar from the leadership of the Spanish “Possibilists” and his formal adherence to the monarchical party has naturally created a profound sensation, and will undoubtedly have a very injurious effect upon the republican party in Spain. Castelar has been the ideal republican leader of Europe. No man has preached more eloquently or effectively the gospel of republicanism as embodying the only rightful principles of government. For nearly forty years he has labored for the diffusion and promotion of republican ideas. For twenty-eight years he has been the controlling force in liberal politics. The republic which for a time supplanted the monarchy, only to be itself succeeded by a monarchical restoration, was largely his creation. That a man with such a record, and enjoying such an eminence as the champion of the doctrine of popular government, should accept the existing dynasty as not only the only stable government possible for Spain, but as in itself a good thing for the country, is certainly an incident of more than ordinary importance.

And yet the fact is easily explainable, and that, too, upon grounds which are in no sense discreditable to Señor Castelar. It is sometimes the highest statesmanship to accept advantages immediately attainable instead of persistently rejecting them and striving after the improbable. This, in point of fact, is what Castelar has done. The Spanish government has practically accepted many of the reforms which he has insisted upon. Freedom of discussion, complete liberty of person, and universal suffrage have all been secured under the liberal policy of the present ruler. These results have contributed to the pacification of the country. The monarchy has been strengthened. Meanwhile the republican party has been torn by factional controversies and has become so weakened that it is now useful only as an irritant. Is it surprising that, under these circumstances, a man like Castelar, patriotic and broad-minded, should bow to the logic of events and make the most of the opportunities within reach, especially when the trend of the national policy is steadily in the direction of a realization of the ideas for which he has always contended?

A permanent Spanish republic, however desirable it may seem to be, will never be possible until intelligence is more generally diffused among the people and they become independent of the ecclesiastical control to which they are now subjected. The one great service which the liberal party can render, and ought to render, is that of educating the masses to think for themselves, and equipping them, by every educational means, for the intelligent discharge of the duties of citizenship. Public schools and a free and enlightened press, rather than political juntas and revolutionary cabals, are the factors by which republicanism is to achieve supremacy in Spain, and in every European State having like conditions.

A Timely Hint.

“A party cannot farm itself out to men who make money out of politics without debasement, decay, and ruin.”—*New York Times*.

THERE are Republicans at Albany and elsewhere in this State who would do well to heed the truth here stated. Their persistent subordination of the party interests to the claims of impudent bosses can never have any other result than that indicated. The bosses themselves are, and will remain, wholly indifferent to any considerations of this character, but men who are supposed to have some regard

for principle and the real welfare of the party ought to be able to recognize the unwisdom and danger of “farming it out” for personal and private benefit, and use their influence in a positive way to put a stop to the disastrous policy.



A STRIKING and commendable feature of Senator Hill's recent tariff speech in the Senate was his rebuke of the anarchical sentiments expressed by Senator Voorhees in the course of his philippic against those people “who have been fortunate enough to accumulate a competence.” Mr. Hill's reply to the demagogic harangue of the Indiana Senator was pitiless in its severity, while in terms the very perfection of courtesy. After showing what men of wealth in his own State have done in building up the national interests, in promoting educational development, in maintaining the public credit, and in preserving the government when assailed by treason, Senator Hill added:

“I have yet to learn that poverty is a cardinal virtue, and that wealth is an abominable crime. All classes have their rights, and one class must not be permitted to encroach upon the other. The demagogue who seeks to stir up class prejudices and class resentments in order to win the gratitude or the applause of the mischievous and the unthinking who are essentially his dupes, deserves only execrations at the hands of all right-minded men.”

THE Herrick-Cleveland machine in Albany has gone to pieces under the sturdy blows of an outraged and awakened people. For years it has been one of the bulwarks of Democratic power in this State. It maintained itself by debaucheries of the ballot and wholesale encroachments upon the rights of the people. No partisan machine anywhere has been more arrogantly defiant of the popular will, or has been apparently more securely entrenched against assault. But the people have smashed it utterly; and the capital of the State passes into the control of honest men, who will give it honest and cleanly government on a sound business basis. We notice, by the way, that Mr. Thomas C. Platt was among the first to congratulate the Albany Republicans upon their victory. “It is glorious,” he said; “my most enthusiastic congratulations.” This is very funny. The things repudiated by the Albany people are just the very things, and the only things, that Mr. Platt stands for in politics, and the ideas which triumphed are precisely the ideas he abhors and opposes on every possible occasion. Mr. Platt evidently deserves to be considered a humorist as well as a boss.

THE Briggs spectre will not down. The other day twelve students in Union Theological Seminary, which is under the ban of the church because of its retention of Professor Briggs as an instructor in theology, applied to the New York Presbytery for admission to the ministry. At once the orthodox presbyters showed signs of alarm. Doubtless these young men were unsound in doctrine, and the utmost vigilance must be exercised lest heresy find its way into the church. So the applicants were subjected to a rigid examination by a committee of true-blue divines, and it was discovered, probably to the surprise of the examiners, that all of them were perfectly sound in doctrine; not one of them had the taint of heresy about him. That is to say, Professor Briggs, condemned by the General Assembly as a heretic, has done his work so thoroughly and satisfactorily that even the Presbyterial microscope could not find a flaw in it anywhere. The young men were, of course, received and will be licensed to preach. But Dr. Briggs, their instructor, is still under condemnation, and cannot preach in any Presbyterian pulpit. Probably it is the church rather than himself that suffers from his exclusion.

A RESIDENT of Birmingham, Alabama, who is connected with a banking institution of the city, in writing us concerning a reunion of Confederate veterans which is to take place there this month, says:

“If we shall in this gathering refresh our hearts and memories over the deeds and sufferings of the past, it should not be regarded as a disloyal thing to the United States government. For, whatever difference may exist between the brothers who fought in their youth, the family will always be solid—a ‘solid South’ against the outside world if a hand is raised against the United States. I have often wished that some difference might occur with a foreign country, without involving actual hostilities, by which the patriotic spirit of the South could be displayed. I was a brigadier in the Confederate army of northern Virginia, and as honest and sincere in my belief in the principles we fought for as any man on the other side. I do believe in the providence of God; the war ended right for the good of this nation. I teach my children that we have a great country and the best government the world has ever seen, and that it is their duty to love and sustain it; that their duty does not spring out of the fact that the United States government received us back into the fold and restored us to the family, but because their own grandfathers on both sides of the house fought for it in the Revolution which won this country for freedom.”

We are glad to believe that the sentiments here expressed are becoming more and more the prevailing sentiments of the Southern people, and we are confident that the day is not far distant when, with the readjustment of political parties and issues, old resentments will absolutely disappear and genuine national concord, resulting from conscious identity of interests, will be assured.



D. H. WAITE, GOVERNOR OF COLORADO.



B. R. TILLMAN, GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.



L. D. LEWELLING, GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.

A Group of Populist Governors.

We give above portraits of the three Populist Governors who have achieved unenviable notoriety by exploits more or less "out of the common." Of the three, Governor Waite, of Colorado, is admittedly most conspicuous for everything that a constitutional ruler ought not to be. He is the very flower and climax of Populism in its worst and most odious forms. His recent defiance of the courts, which but for the interposition of wise and prudent citizens of Denver would have brought on revolution, and which for a time actually exposed life and property to assault by the mob, was only one manifestation of the anarchical spirit which he has displayed from the first in the administration of his office. He is not merely a crank, he is by nature an anarchist, who would rather see "blood rise to the horses' bridles" than fail in any pestiferous purpose on which he had set his heart.

Governor Lewelling, of Kansas, is a man of more sobriety of character than Governor Waite, and has not so seriously offended the canons of official propriety, but his administration has been marked by incidents which have exposed him to deserved condemnation at the hands of the better portion of his constituency. He holds tenaciously to the theories of the party which

elected him, and it is not his fault that they have not been carried out to a disastrous result. As to Governor Tillman, he is undoubtedly an honest man, but he is of passionate nature; his convictions are for the most part mere obstinate prejudices, and he is incapable of reasoning intelligently as to any matter into which these prejudices enter.

All of these officials are the product of a narrow and irrational school of thought, and have come to the surface through the operation of causes which cannot, in the nature of things, be permanent. It is one of the peculiarities, as it is one of the necessities, of a popular form of government that under it the crazes and delusions which now and then seize the people are enabled to find embodiment in law and policy; but it is also the safety of the system that these delusions necessarily disappear when subjected to the test of experience and the pressure of that sober, conservative opinion which is the real underlying force in every well-regulated community. Nothing is more certain than that the Waites and the Lewellings, and all they stand for, will be buried under an avalanche of ballots at the very first opportunity given for an expression of the popular will.

A Millionaire Author.

MR. JOHN JACOB ASTOR is the richest man of his years in the United States, if not in the world. Everything that wealth can command is within his reach. Apparently, however, he is not content with the eminence which a great fortune which he did nothing to earn has given him. He realizes that there are other distinctions in life—higher and better prizes—which can only be obtained by earnest effort in the field of honest competition. Consequently, instead of being a drone in the hive, he has



J. J. Astor

turned his attention definitely to literary pursuits, toward which he has long had a special inclination, and proposes to achieve by his own labor a recognized place in the world. When a student at Harvard Mr. Astor devoted himself in a large part, to scientific courses and to political economy, and his interest was shown by the fact that he had the honor of appearing on the rank list every year. Since graduation he has given much time to scientific literature and study. For two years he has been engaged on a romance entitled "A Journey in Other

Worlds: A Romance of the Future," which is shortly to be published by D. Appleton & Co. The time is the year 2000 A. D., and the story describes a journey, by a novel means, to the planet Jupiter, where the conditions of the carboniferous age are found to exist, and also to Saturn, where the travelers are imagined to meet with the spirits of the departed. The romance contains many new and striking developments of the possibilities of science in the future, and the book is described as extremely interesting, both as a work of imagination and an example of the ingenious and original application of science. One special object of the book has been, as the preface shows, to increase popular interest in science. It develops the idea of a new force called apery, the counterpart of gravitation, its application representing, of course, an advance on the flying-machine, which the most progressive minds believe to be near at hand.

This is Mr. Astor's first important venture in literature, although when he was at St. Paul's school at Concord he contributed several articles of merit to the school paper, *Heral Schoolical*, among them one entitled "A. D. 2000," and another called "Dreamland and Shadowland."

"Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

Mrs. Kendal's Defense of the Play.

WHY is it that the judgment of our people differs from the local dramatic criticism? So far, the newspapers have, with scarcely an exception, thrown stones at this play, and whole rocks (paper ones) at Mrs. Kendal for producing "an immorality." And yet her presentations, of it have invariably filled the theatres with high-class audiences who have been impressed by the profound moral which it preaches.

Query? Is the judgment of our best educated people wrong? Is Mrs. Kendal wrong? Is the world of foreign criticism wrong? Or is there something rotten in the local journalistic dramatic criticism?

A Boston paper lately said: "Any capacity for sterling dramatic criticism is annihilated when the journals are virtually bought up by the theatre advertisements." And when there exists, as at present, such an army of unemployed actors one can easily see the journalistic motive in siding with them; but the fact is patent that millions of Americans intend to have high-class performances to suit their own tastes, and I greatly question their satisfaction with a press which denounces a play that has impressed them beneficially and profoundly. Lately a cry went up to have a law passed which would close out foreign dramatic companies. Would it not be as reasonable to confine us to hot water when America produces no tea?

No! Our people will patronize that which wins them. I believe the average American to be a thoroughly fair man, and rather cosmopolitan. I believe he abominates the attempt to



MRS. KENDAL.

belittle or arouse puritanic hostility to a play not because it is bad, but because it is foreign. I feel sure that this sort of thing must draw forth the condemnation of every right-minded American who has seen the play in question.

As Mrs. Kendal allows me to be as unpleasant as my nature may seem to require, I asked her why she threw such a course strain into her rendition of *Mrs. Tanqueray*. True, she helped me out with the difficult question, apparently knowing what I was going to say. She replied:

"Because it's the woman—simply that kind of human nature."

"The point I take is this: Could such an undeniably refined man as *Tanqueray* have married a person who so lacked the instincts and manners of a lady?"

"But *Mrs. Tanqueray* is not posed as a lady. Good gracious, no! She had liked yachting, suppers, and men's society. She had her own attractiveness, apart from that of ladies."

"Yet, remember, when *Mrs. Cortelyou* calls upon her the manners of *Mrs. Tanqueray* are terrific bad form. True, she had a supposed cause for resentment; but her anger brought out a

(Continued on page 273.)



FULLER CATCHING A LINER.

New Blood in the New York Base-ball Team.

THE base-ball world closed last season in a highly rejuvenated frame of mind. The financial success of the season was of itself something of a surprise, for the times were hard, factories were closed, and the ball-field being purely a recreation, most people thought it would suffer, but the fine playing of Washington, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and the champion Boston soon revived the flagging interest in what must always remain America's greatest of field sports. New York, last season—well, the writer draws a curtain over the doings of the pseudo Giants

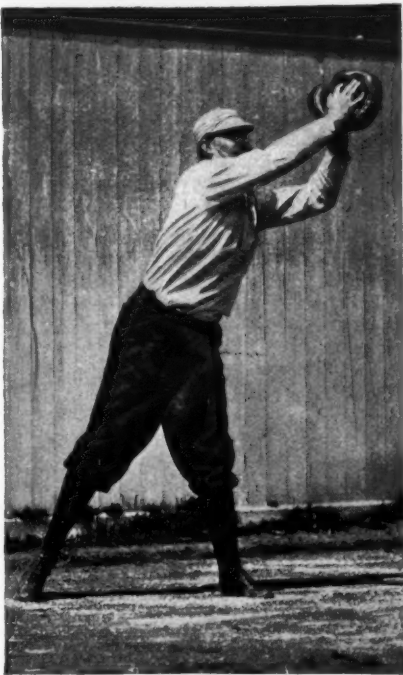
and looks forward to the great things Captain Ward's men give promise of being able to do this coming ball season.

"Battery" is a confusing word in base-ball except to the initiated; in these days of thirteen-inch guns and breech-loading rifles, one might think it some new-fangled device for firing the ball out of a catapult or a mortar; but no, it simply means the aggregation of legs and arms which delivers the ball, and the

man behind the bat who receives it; the speed and force with which the ball is delivered nowadays is so phenomenal that the word "battery" is almost legitimately used.

This season New York proposes to make a bold bid to regain championship honors, which they lost three years ago, and looking to this they have secured a great battery from Washington in Farrell (catcher) and Meekin (pitcher), said to be the highest-priced pair of players since King Kelly posed as a ten-thousand-dollar "beauty" (sic). Both men stood at the top of the profession at the close of last season and held an otherwise weak club up among the leaders by their splendid work; both men are fair wielders of the stick and ought to be a great addition to the New York team. Another great player is young Murphy, formerly of the Yale team, who comes of a family of athletes and who, for his inches, has no equal on the ball field as an all-round player. His position in the field will be short-stop, which he

is bound to fill well, although a small man. Another good man is Van Haltren, of last season's Pittsburg team, who is admittedly one of the most effective centre-field players in the league membership. Clark, Stafford, and Westervelt are more new men of this year's team, all counted upon to do big work for their new club. One of the distinctive features of Ward's selections is that the men are athletes who use their brains in their work. As base-ball



FARRELL CATCHING A HIGH BALL.

is developed to-day, brawn counts for comparatively little in the make-up of a really great base-ball player, unless there be a clear, cool, nifty brain resting underneath the blue-cloth cap. The player must be on the *qui vive*, with every physical and mental attribute he possesses, to seize the smallest point and work it advantageously for his side. Team work, not individual records,



STAFFORD TAKING A BOUNDER.

wins games to-day, and the ball-player who recognizes and practices its tenets, you can be sure, is a brainy athlete.

Our artist-photographer, Mr. Hemment, has made some excellent "snap shots" at the grounds at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and Columbus Avenue, of several of the New York team practicing and getting rid of their "butter fingers," which

grew on their hands during the winter idleness. It takes heroic treatment to get into good shape, and, no matter how careful the winter's regimen has been, there is a flabbiness of flesh and muscle that takes weeks to get into such physical shape that you can throw from "centre" to "home" and be sure of coming somewhere near the "plate."

From personal experience I should say that the most deceptive throw of all in base-ball is the head-off throw from behind the bat to second base. The catcher usually is in a cramped position, at the supreme moment the man starts as the ball is delivered, and the catcher only holds it just long



VAN HALTREN AT BAT.

enough to straighten up and hurl it with all his force and skill to the second baseman. This is one of Farrell's pet throws, and I believe he has a clean record of men put out on this individual play for last year.

Much, of course, will depend upon the way the new men pull together. Ward is a good disciplinarian, but a disgruntled base-ball player is a hard subject for reformation; once he gets "sore," as the saying goes, it takes a lot of St. Jacob's Oil, Pond's Extract, and other liniments before you can limber up his injured feelings. These friction matches take a lot out of any team. It is hoped that the scandalous stories told in past seasons about the inharmonious workings of the New York ball club will not be repeated; if they should be, a million-dollar "battery" will not save it from defeat. However, we do not desire to be croakers; we give the new team our best wishes for success, but we expect metropolitan work. This is a



MEEKIN ABOUT TO PITCH.

great city; you represent at a fair estimate several millions of people, who follow your fortunes with their yells, dollars, and peanuts throughout the season. You must not disappoint these enthusiasts; you cannot win every game, but you must "play ball" from the start. Do not lose games because you hold your opponent too cheaply—that is poor generalship and poor ball; it cheapens you as the New York Base-ball Club in the eyes of your constituents, and once you fall from grace it is a hard and tough job climbing back. You will have plenty of games to get "broken" into harness by before you make your *début* on the home grounds, and when you do, you may be sure of such a crowd as even that arena seldom witnessed. Base-ball has taken a new lease of life, and the eyes of this community are upon you to hold up its end of the stick. HARRY P. MAWSON.



"YOUNG AMERICA" GETTING POINTS FROM FULLER.



CLARK SENDING IN HOT BALLS.

Our Instantaneous Photographer on the New York Base-ball Field.

A CHANGE OF PURPOSE.

By THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

TWO horsemen, broad-hatted and heavily armed, rode swiftly along a dim trail that threaded a level stretch of wild Western prairie. It was night, but the moon shone round and full from a clear sky, giving to the plain, with its tall, breeze-swept grass, the appearance of a calm summer sea.

"Jim," spoke one of the men, breaking a long silence, "are you sure it's all right about that money?"

"All right how?" the other questioned.

"Are you sure the man has got it?"

"Sure as I am that we are here, Joe. He sold his claim yesterday an' received the cash in hand for it. There's no mistake this time, sure."

"Well, that's all right, Jim. If he's got three hundred dollars, that means a hundred an' fifty for each of us. Pretty good pay for one night's work, provided there ain't too much risk."

"Just about as much risk as there would be in robbin' a prairie-lark's nest. Why, there's nobody but a man an' a child there, an' the man don't look like he had life enough to kill a flea. Guess he's about dead with consumption or something."

"He won't be apt to give us much trouble, then," Joe replied. "An' even if he shows fight we can soon quiet him."

"Yes; but he won't show any fight, Joe. All we'll have to do will be to ask for the money, an' give the chap to understand that we are in earnest, an' it will be ours. It is the softest snap I ever struck, an' it's almost like pickin' that much money up out of the road."

There was a short silence, broken only by the clattering of the horses' feet on the hard, dry ground as the horsemen galloped on. Directly Joe spoke again:

"Jim," he said, "that three hundred dollars is all the money an' property that feller owns, ain't it?"

"Yes; about all. He's got an old wagon, a couple of old plug horses, an' a few old traps in his cabin."

"An' you say he's 'most dead with consumption or something?"

"Yes."

"Then, don't it seem like it's kind of mean to rob him, Jim?"

Jim indulged in a long and boisterous laugh.

"Joe," he cried, "what's comin' over you all at once? Who ever heard of a highway robber talkin' such stuff as that? I hope you ain't got no notion of givin' up our business on the start an' turnin' parson."

"No, I ain't got no such notion as that, Jim; but it does seem kind of mean and unfeelin' to steal from a man that's 'most dead. But then, we ain't responsible for his bad health, an' in this business everything goes. If the feller is goin' to die soon he won't need that money very long anyhow, an' the chances are that it will do us more good than it would him."

"That's the talk," agreed Jim. "I pity the sick an' distressed, but at the same time it they happen to have any loose cash about where it's handy to get at I feel that it's our duty to relieve them of it."

Away across the prairie, at the foot of a lonely mound, a dim speck of light came into view.

"That's the place," Jim announced. "That's a light in the cabin where the settler lives, an' he's still there. I was a little afraid he might have gone away, though I knew it wasn't his intention to go before to-morrow."

"An' to-morrow he won't have much to go away with," Joe added.

"Not much," Jim agreed.

They rode on in silence, and a few minutes later halted in front of a little desolate-looking cabin. There was a saddled horse standing tied to a post near the door. They waited a moment, listening breathlessly, but no sound reached them from the cabin.

"I don't know what that horse means here," Jim finally remarked in a low tone. "It's queer that anybody would be here at this time o' night."

"It is," Joe assented; "more especially as it ain't a neighbor."

"How do you know it ain't a neighbor?" Jim asked.

"Know it by the horse. There ain't a settler in this section that owns a horse like that."

"That's a fact," Jim agreed. "That's a fine

animal, an', whoever he belongs to, I guess it would be a good idea for him to change owners. Don't it strike you so, Joe?"

"I reckon," Joe replied. "But the first thing to be attended to is that three hundred dollars."

"Yes, of course. But say, not knowin' who that chap may be in there, it might be just as well for us to use a little caution. He may be a feller that knows how to handle a pistol, an' he may show fight."

"That's so; an' such bein' the case, I move that we steal up to the window an' see if we can't get a view of the lay of the land. If the chap looks dangerous, we'll get the drop on him."

Jim nodded his assent to this proposal, and the two robbers stole cautiously forward to the one window of the cabin. There was a pane broken out, and they found that they could not only see all that was being done within, but could hear all that was being said.

In one corner of the room, on a small bed, lay a child with thin, sharp features and great hollow eyes. On a chair near by sat a great, rugged, burly man, with black hair and beard, who had buckled about his waist a pair of huge, villainous-looking pistols.

"Are you dead shore your pap took that money with him?" the man was heard to say.

"Yes, sir," the child replied in a weak, piping voice.

"Wal, it would 'a' been an accommodation to me if he'd left it here, but since he didn't, it can't be helped, I reckon. All I can do is to wait till he comes back."

There was a momentary pause, after which the man went on:

"How long yo' reckon your pap 'll be gone?" he asked.

"Not long now, I guess," the child replied. "He was just goin' to git some medicine an' come right back."

The man made no answer and a long silence followed. After a while the child looked timidly up into the rough, bearded face, and speaking in eager though trembling tones, said:

"Please, mister, you won't take all of pa's money, will you?"

"I reckon I will," the man answered, unfeelingly. "That's jest what I come here for, an' I calculate I'll not leave a dollar that I can git my fingers on. 'Taint my way o' doin' business."

"If you take it all we can't go away from here," the child said, sadly. "an' the doctor says if we don't go pa an' me will both die, 'cause pa's got the consumption an' I've got the fever."

"That ain't anything to me," the man replied with cold indifference.

The child put its thin hand over its face and something like a sob came from it. It was almost a minute before it looked up at the man again, both eyes full of tears, and lips trembling with suppressed emotions.

"I do want to go back to our old home so bad," it said, plaintively; "'cause I was always well there an' it was so pleasant. Every night I dream about it, an' I see the big, shady blue-grass pasture, an' the red-clover meadow, an' the clear spring branch that runs down through the orchard an' under the big elm-trees, where I used to have a swing. I dream it all over every night, an' I'm so happy till I wake up an' find it's just a dream."

The child's words and tone were pathetic, but they had no effect on the man to whom they were addressed. He appeared oblivious to it all.

"It is so lonely out here on the prairie with nobody but pa an' me," the little voice went on. "an' I ain't never happy like I used to be back at the old home. I used to cry every day till pa sold the claim an' got the money so we could go away, 'cause I didn't want to die an' be buried out here, where there ain't nothin' but prairie, an' where the crickets in the grass make me feel so lonesome with their cries. It ain't nice, like it is back at the old home, where the birds sing, an' where there are flowers an' trees an' little branches of clear water."

The child paused for a moment and looked anxiously into the face of the man, who sat immovable. Then pleadingly it continued:

"You won't take all of pa's money, will you? It won't take much to take us back home, an' if you knew how much I wanted to go, and how I grieve to think of dyin' here, you'd let us have that much. You *will* let us keep a little, won't you?"

"It ain't likely that I will," the man replied with an oath. "It don't make any difference to me whether you go back to your home or whether you die here. It's money I want, and I ain't apt to let a chance to git it slip through my fingers on account of any pitiful stories."

At that moment there came the sound of a horse's feet beating on the hard earth. The man in the cabin arose and placed his hand on his pistol.

"It is pa," the child said, fearfully.

The man waited with his eyes fixed on the door. The horseman rode up, dismounted and approached the cabin. There was the click of a pistol at the window, and the man in the cabin looked around to see a head thrust through the broken sash and a pistol leveled at his breast. The head and the pistol were Joe's.

"Throw up your hands!" the latter said, and the man could only obey, for he was in Joe's power.

"Jim," said Joe, "go in an' relieve the chap of his guns while I hold him quiet. He's made a mistake in supposin' that that three hundred dollars was intended for him."

Jim acted on Joe's instructions, and a moment later the man was driven from the house and allowed to depart. The settler had entered, and watched the proceedings in silent wonder. At last he managed to ask:

"What does this mean?"

Joe and Jim exchanged a look, but both hesitated to speak. The child's voice broke the silence.

"The man had come to steal the money," it said; "and he was waitin' for you to come back when these men come and drove him away."

There was a momentary pause, then the settler turned to the strangers and said:

"You have rendered me a great service, gentlemen, and placed me under lasting obligations to you. You have saved my little possessions, which, though small, is a great deal to me, since it affords me the means of saving my child's life. The doctor says the little one must have a change of climate and the care of friends, in order to recover from this dreadful malaria. If you had not saved my money from the robber we could never have been able to leave here for our old home, back east."

Jim looked at Joe and nodded toward the door. Joe understood, and remarking something about their horses, followed Jim out. They walked a little distance from the cabin and stopped.

"Joe," Jim said, "that man and child don't dream that we're robbers, do they?"

"Of course not," Joe replied. "If they did, an' knew what we come here for, they wouldn't feel so thankful to us, I reckon."

"Hardly," Jim answered.

There was an awkward silence, during which Jim shifted about in an uneasy manner. Finally he spoke again, saying:

"Joe, that little one is purty bad off, ain't it?"

"Reckon it is," Joe replied. "Guess the doctor is right, an' if it don't git away from here it won't live long."

"That's so," agreed Jim. "An' it can't git away from here without that money, can it?"

"Pears like it can't," Joe said.

"It was right touchin' to hear it talk about the old home an' the way it grieved to go back there, wasn't it, Joe?"

"Yes; right touchin', Jim."

"An' it seems like it would be a great pity if the little one couldn't go, when its heart is so set on it, don't it?"

"Yes, it does."

"An awful pity," Jim said, musingly. "But," he added, "I reckon it can't be helped, because if we take the money—"

"Jim," Joe interrupted, "what's the use o' talkin' 'd over creation? Why don't you come square out an' say you're opposed to takin' the money?"

"I ain't said I was opposed to takin' it, Joe."

"No; but if you got a speck of heart in you you are opposed to it."

"Are you opposed to it, Joe?"

"Of course I am. I've been opposed to it ever since I see that little one an' hear'd its weak voice a-beggin' that onery rascal not to take all the money. That sneakin' scamp looked so cussed mean settin' there waitin' to rob that sick child that I jest wanted to kick him out o' the country. I made up my mind then an' there that nobody wasn't goin' to touch that money if I could help it."

Jim made no reply, but took Joe's hand in his and gave it a hearty pressure. They stood for some time in silence, then Joe resumed in a softened tone:

"Jim," he said, "I never felt so cussed onery in all my life as I did when I stood thar by that winder an' watched that sneakin' thief an' that poor little sick gal, an' remembered what we

had come thar for. It's bad enough to steal at best, but when it comes to robbin' a sick child that ain't no mother, it's so pizen, low-down mean that old Satan himself 'ud be ashamed of the feller that does it. I jest looked at that feller settin' thar an' I imagined he was me, an' I felt like a bloody wolf' ready to spring down on a pore little helpless lamb."

"Them was jest my feelin's, Joe," Jim replied. "I felt sneakin' er than a suckin' dog. Somehow the way that little gal pleaded with that scamp teched my heart awful deep, an' her talk 'bout her old home took me right back to my boyhood days, when I was as young an' innocent as her. I could jest see my old home with its shady blue-grass pasture, an' its red-clover meadows, an' the little branches of clear water, an' all that. But, plainer than all, Joe, I could see an old couple settin' on the long porch in the shade of the big locust-trees, one of 'em a gray-haired man and the other a gray-haired woman, but both of 'em as kind an' lovin' as a father an' mother could be. An' Joe, when I see my old mother's face, jest as it used to look, an' remembered what I come here for, 'peared like I jest wanted to sink right slap down into the ground an' never see daylight ag'in. I had a good mother, if thar ever was one, an' she never dreamed that I'd ever come to be a thief."

Joe was silent save for a sound that was like a long, low sigh. He drew his hand across his eyes and turned his head away, and for almost a minute stood perfectly still. Finally he said:

"Jim, I've got a long way from my home an' its early teachin's, but I ain't got away from my mother. Now I'm goin' to lead a different life. We ain't stole nothin' yet, an' it ain't too late to turn back. I'm goin' to be an honest man, an' that little gal has saved me. God bless her!"

A moment later they entered the cabin and asked permission to remain till morning.

"You see," Jim said to the settler, "the robber might come back, an' if he does you'll need somebody to protect you."

"Yes," the settler replied, "an' I'm glad to have two honest men like you in the house."

Jim and Joe exchanged a sheepish glance, but ventured to make no reply.

At an early hour the next morning the settler harnessed his team and prepared to begin the long eastward journey. Jim and Joe helped him to arrange a bed in the wagon, and when all was ready Jim brought the little girl in his arms and placed her on it. He handled her almost as tenderly as a mother would, and after laying her down saw that she was perfectly comfortable. Then he stood for a moment, hesitating and undecided, casting yearning looks at the little child's face. Finally he said, a little pleadingly:

"Sissy, if you don't mind it too much I wish you would kiss me jest once."

"I don't mind it at all," the child said, putting up her arms and lips. "'cause I like you. You saved the money for us so we can go home, an' you're honest an' good too, ain't you?"

Jim flushed scarlet, and for an instant cast his eyes down. But directly he looked boldly up, and with his eyes on the girl's face, replied:

"Yes, Sissy, I am an honest man, thanks to you, an' I'll always be one, too."

Joe stepped forward, and without a word stooped for a kiss. There were tears in his eyes when he raised his head and, turning about, walked back and stood leaning against the cabin door.

A few minutes later the wagon rolled away across the broad, level prairie. From the rear of the wagon, where there was a small opening in the cover, a childish face, thin and sharp, peered out at the lonely mound, the old cabin, and the two men who stood there with their eyes to the east. After a while the face faded away in the distance; and then a little white handkerchief fluttered in the soft, balmy breeze of the beautiful autumn morning. At last thar, too, passed out of view, and only the old wagon, like a speck on the horizon, could be seen.

With a sigh Jim turned to his companion.

"Joe," he said, "I thank God that *she* never knew what we come here for."

"Me, too," Joe agreed. "But she's saved us, Jim."

"Yes, she's saved us."

House-hunting in New York.

THE first of May in New York is a day of migrations and revolutions. No day in all the year has greater terrors for the householder who is compelled to change his domicile. There are, indeed, some people of peculiar make-up who find exhilaration and delight in an annual removal; who count it as one of the red-letter events of the year, but these are exceptions to

the rule, with whom the average man has nothing in common. Nor are the house-hunting experiences which precede the day of flitting at all enjoyable to most persons who are obliged to make the quest. Instead of minimizing they seriously aggravate their discomfort. What wonder that, grown desperate under the disappointments, irritations, and annoyances which attend his search, the weary and baffled mortal finally abandons all hope of being "suited," and despairingly decides upon a house or apartments which in no real sense answer his purpose—which, may be, are very much less desirable than some he has previously rejected? The world has many more martyrs than we suspect, and among them not the least pitiable are those unfortunate folk who are obliged to spend a month or so every spring in finding a place in which to store their household goods. Mr. Clinedinst's picture on another page tells the story of one such family experience.

"Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

(Continued from page 272.)

general deportment which, when exhibited before marriage, must, I think, have prevented *Tanqueray* from marrying her."

Mrs. Kendal looked wise and smiling and grave, all together. "There is no telling what a man's passions will lead him to. *Tanqueray's* first wife practiced being an icicle—the sort of woman who likes to drive a husband wild merely to gratify an empty egotism which she considers a consecration. And his second marriage was an effort to compensate himself for his former misery. It was that flight to a perhaps more unhappy antipodes which, in different ways, is so often made. His second wife was an enigma—a constant change to him. At one moment her arms were about his neck; then, perhaps, she flouted him; half an hour later her very weaknesses aroused in him a divine pity for her. Oh, yes! *Mrs. Tanqueray* is very vulgar, but she understood the maxim, *Il faut piquanter les hommes*; and *Tanqueray* would marry her, and she would hold him forever—not always happily, yet securely."

"But the public cannot like *Mrs. Tanqueray*. Vulgarity checks sympathy. Could not the play be made still more effective by introducing some refinement that would win the spectator?"

"And where, then, would the moral be? The moral would be *nil*. I am not here to incline people toward 'liking' the nature of a former courtesan. Quite the reverse. I leave that to the French stage, with its languishing *Camilles* who die so touchingly that the audience goes away more than half in love with refined vice. No; I send my people away *disgusted* with vice and frightened by it. Here, a loose-minded woman is introduced to the consecration of marriage and is in process of being led by her love for husband and step-daughter to a higher and firmer life. But in spite of all these advantages and her own endeavors, the dreadful past rises up once more—the whole thing ends in misery and despair, and the inevitable wages of sin are paid."

"Yes; it is a powerful play. But you hardly take my point. I mean that many women who feel themselves more refined than *Mrs. Tanqueray*, and yet weak, would be infinitely more impressed if she were as refined as themselves, or more so. You have taken ideas for this character from some one in real life?"

"You are right, I have. But while you recollect that *Mrs. Tanqueray* was not vulgar all the time, you must also remember that it would not only be injurious but entirely untrue to nature to depict such a woman as innately refined. French novelists may say what they like, but in every woman who is thus able to trample on her own pure, girlish sense of decency there is a substratum of brutality which is bound to show out as vulgarity when anger or excitement sets aside her veneer of good manners. The only women who can join the half-world are those whose natures allow them to do so. The women you speak of, with the internal refinement, do not need the assistance of this play. They would die rather than leave the courtesan life."

I felt that I was being worsted on every point; while I clung weakly to my idea. "But, considered in the light of financial success, don't you think a greater refinement in *Mrs. Tanqueray* would make the play a greater favorite?"

Mrs. Kendal laughed. "I cannot by any change do more than fill my theatre; and I am doing that now. But even if this were not so I would not change it. Art is art. Art is nature. I am giving what I know, in one case at least, to be nature—and absolutely true, with all the little irresponsible laughs, and disbelief in self, and carelessness of the future, and such a kind, prodigal heart! Oh, I knew her long years ago; before she went wrong. And I have

never lost track of her. I don't want her to think she is friendless. I am hoping that as the years pass on she will turn. But she says she cannot. And I fear—I fear—Well, let us be more cheerful; the end of the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was far from pleasant."

SINSON JARVIS

Russia in Asia.

Has She Designs upon Corea?

THE rivalry of Russia, China, and Japan in Asia, and especially over Corea, is well known. There are many reasons for which the Russians would like to possess Corea. From the magnificent harbor of Fusan, so easy to defend and so large that it could give refuge to the largest fleets, the sailors of the Czar could in a few



hours reach Nagasaki in Japan, Che-Foo, Tien-Tsin, or Shanghai. They would gain fifteen millions of subjects, many of whom would be induced to leave Corea and go north in Siberia, to people it.

Without speaking of the mines and other resources of Corea, the great advantage gained by Russia in taking possession of the little kingdom would be to secure warmer headquarters for its naval and military forces on the Pacific coast. The actual headquarters are in Vladivostok, which possesses also a magnificent harbor, but is altogether too cold in winter. Men-of-war can neither reach it nor leave it during two or three months of the year, on account of the ice which freezes the water-ways.

Vladivostok is a mystery even for people well acquainted with Asia. Of course every one knows that it is Russia's great military port. But what is not known, and is impossible to find out, is how advanced the Transsiberian Railroad is; whether it reaches the Amoor from Vladivostok or not. Yet another subject of wonder is why Russia has so many soldiers there if she does not intend to put her hand on Corea. It is a fact that during the past eighteen months Russian transports have brought over forty thousand Cossacks to the Pacific port, which, added to the regular garrison and the forces on board the large cruisers composing Russia's fleet, must make a grand total of between fifty-five and sixty thousand soldiers and sailors. About a year ago I was on board of one of the United States men-of-war in the harbor of Nagasaki, chatting with the commander after lunch on the deck. A Russian cruiser entered the harbor, and soon after began coaling and taking provisions on board. The captain of our ship watched the Russians through his marine glass, and at length said: "I cannot understand what the Russians want to do with so many men up in Vladivostok. I have seen scores of these Russian transports since I have been cruising in these waters, and every one of them is filled with Cossacks. They never appear on the deck, though, as long as they are in sight of land or of a foreign ship. They do not stop at Hong-Kong or Shanghai, for coal or provisions; but at Saigon, in French Cochinchina, and then here in Japan. They avoid English ports, doubtless that England may not know they are sending such a force to Vladivostok."

There is no doubt that France and Russia are working together in Asia; the former to extend her possessions over Siamese lands, the latter to enlarge her empire with the whole of the Korean

peninsula. But Russia will not succeed without a severe struggle with Japan or China, perhaps with both. The Japanese can easily put in line one hundred thousand well-armed and well-drilled infantry and artillery. They have no cavalry to speak of, having been unable so far to acclimate horses.

The Chinese may have some fifty thousand soldiers ready to march. Of course I speak only of the troops armed with modern weapons and drilled in European style. The coast defense of both China and Japan is very elaborate, and would prove most efficient. Modern forts, fitted with quick-firing guns of large calibre, supplied with electric search-lights, and connected by railroads with the surrounding cities, from which men, ammunition, and food could be quickly obtained, are built all along the Japanese coast. The same will be found at the

mouth of every Chinese river, and defending every Chinese port. The forts at the mouth of the Peiho River, which defend the approach to Tien-Tsin, hence to Peking, seem impregnable. China has now a powerful navy, composed of battle-ships, cruisers, gun-boats, and torpedo-boats, sold by French, English, and German ship-builders. They are well manned by Chinese officers graduated from European naval schools. In one of the interviews I had last year with the secretary of the Chinese navy, he made the following remarks: "So far, we have had no show against the foreigners. At the time of our war with England and France we had no cannon, no guns. Our soldiers were armed with cutlasses, swords, lances, and bad shot-guns which could not carry one-fourth the distance covered by foreign rifles. It was impossible for our men to reach the enemy; they were shot at and killed by men so far off that they could not see them. What else could they do but flee? Place any European soldiers under the same conditions—opposite heavy and effective firing, with no weapons to compare with those of the enemy—what would they do? To take to their heels would be the wisest thing to do. So did the Chinese, and they were called 'cowards' by their superior armed enemies."

"A war to-day would be different. We have in time of peace nearly one hundred thousand armed soldiers, as well drilled and manned as any in the world. In a few years we shall have ten times that number, for, do not forget, we have a population of four hundred and fifty millions of people. In sending well-drilled soldiers into the interior to drill others, and these once educated still farther inland to educate more, we may in ten years from now have an army of ten million soldiers. With time and special taxes we would have forty millions!"

What would—what could Russia do against these millions of Chinese if they should march against her to take possession of the fertile plains of southern Siberia?

Japan has also a most powerful navy—in fact, her last addition is a cruiser on the type of the *New York*, but faster than the crack ship of the United States navy.

With such foes to face, Russia is doubtless wise (from her own point of view) in getting ready to give the first blow, and to strongly establish herself in Corea before the Chinese can get in line millions of soldiers. Many people will think this impossible, and give for their reasons China's poverty. This is a great mistake. China is far from being poor, and her wealth and wonderful resources will be better

appreciated the day (not very far off) when railroads will put into communication its different territories. A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

Our Foreign Pictures.

WE give among our foreign pictures portraits of three emperors who are the arbiters of the peace of Europe, and to whom a special interest just now attaches because of their alleged discussion of the subject of disarmament. Editorial reference is made on another page to this interesting topic. The *London Illustrated News* says concerning it: "It cannot be doubted that the present three Emperors, Alexander III., William II., and Francis Joseph of Austria, King of Hungary, are each personally disposed to keep the peace. The Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy is strictly defensive; and it is to be hoped that the consolidation of the younger States on the lower Danube and in the Balkan region will be allowed to proceed without foreign interference, so that the 'Eastern question' may soon be reckoned an affair of the past. Great armaments, maintained at enormous financial cost and with a frightful waste of the time and laboring capacity of the population, are felt to be an intolerable burden on almost every continental nation. We do not yet expect to see them largely reduced; but we trust that actual war may be deferred at least for some years longer—perhaps till after the close of the nineteenth century—by the wisdom of the present rulers."—We give also a portrait of the late M. Brown-Sequard, the distinguished French physician and scientist, who died recently at the age of sixty-six years.—There is also an illustration of the obsequies of the late Louis Kossuth in Turin, and another of the Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia*.—The annual festivities on the coast of the Mediterranean have this year been of great splendor; this is especially true of the nautical displays.

A large number of fine yacht races have taken place, and as a result the *Britannia* has been proclaimed winner of all leading events. This yacht was built after the plans of the celebrated Watson, and was, in these races, commanded by Captain Carter, who a few years since, in command of the English cutter *Genesta*, made a valiant effort to win back the well-known Queen's cup, which American prowess has so successfully guarded since it was first won in English waters many years ago.

FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

Any applicant sending us \$1.00, will be entitled to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, from handwriting, by mail, and *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* for three months. \$4.00, to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the weekly edition of the *ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY* for one year.

Jacob S. Coxey.



JACOB S. COXEY.

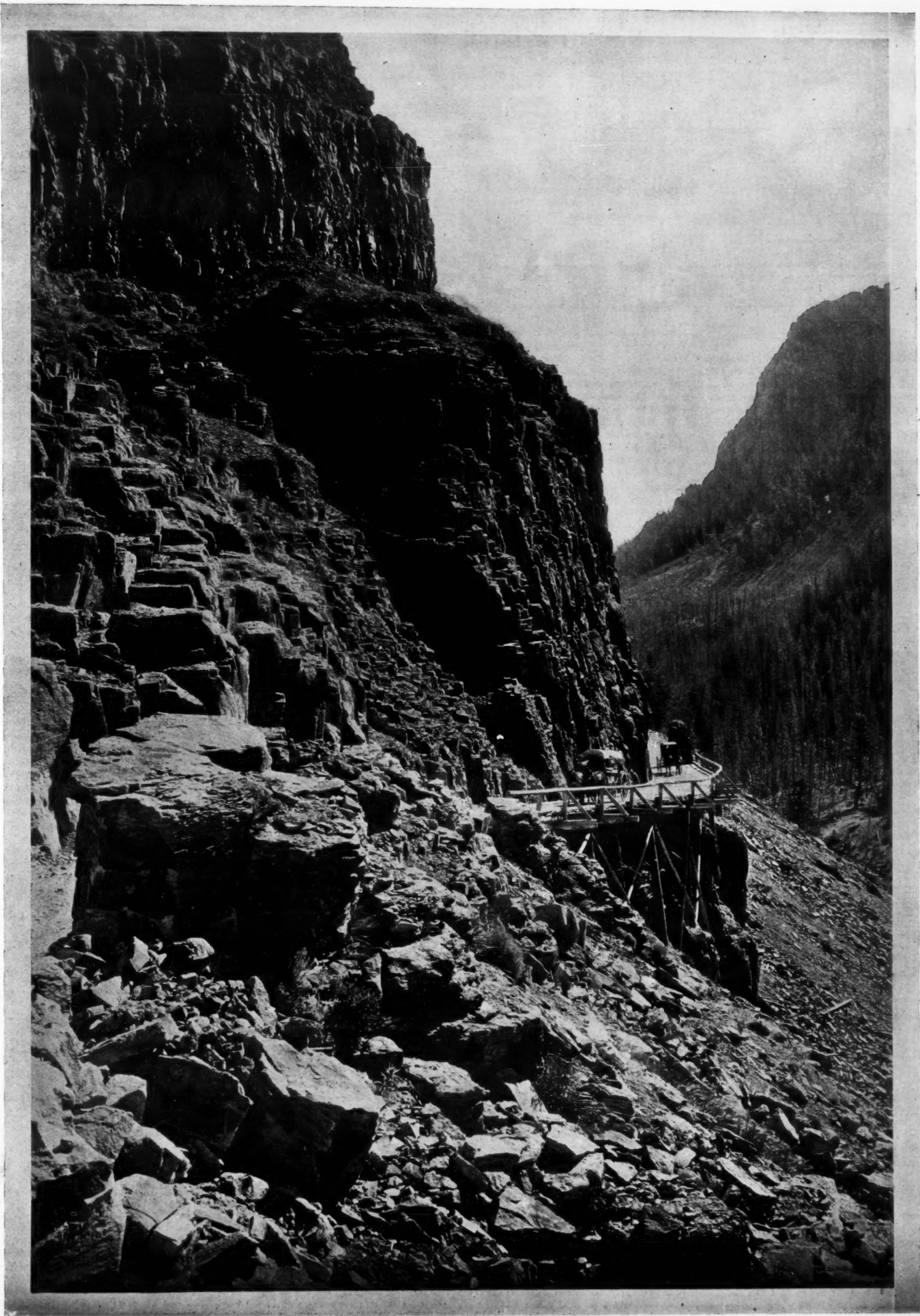
A FACE little indicative of intellectuality. It bears the impress of a small, narrow, shrewd, keen, but ill-formed mind. The lobes of the brain are unevenly developed, and there is a certain amount

of subtlety displayed, together with much littleness and an utmost degree of materialism. The gaze of the eyes is watchful and they are eloquent of great conceit. The nose is expressive of patience in endeavor, of the taste which undertakes long and arduous tasks. A temperament warm and devoid of the ideal lies revealed upon the lips, and the tenacity of purpose, which persists in and has for its backbone unmeasured self-belief, is displayed upon the chin and long upper lip. These are most obstinate in character. Ambition is strong, the scope of idea is inexpressibly narrow, and judgment is circumscribed. Illogic, capacity for enthusiasm and variability, together with mental smallness, are easily seen to be the leading traits of this bizarre character.



ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES OF NOTABLE PERSONALITIES IN WASHINGTON.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 278.]



THE GOLDEN GATE, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. JACKSON, DENVER, COLORADO.

THE ARMOUR INSTITUTE, OF CHICAGO.



P. D. ARMOUR.

THE doors of Armour Institute have only been open to students since September, 1893, and hence no history can be written of it. Of its future it is still too early to make a definite prediction, since it is passing through the state of chaos and conglomerate common to institutions of its kind. But the fact that nine hundred pupils of both sexes are busily storing their brain-cells with knowledge of many kinds under its handsome roof, while twelve hundred others have been refused admission for lack of room, conclusively proves that Armour has a large and legitimate place to fill among the educational institutions of the middle West.

The origin of the Armour, as of the Drexel of Philadelphia, is plainly traceable to the thought wave set in motion less than ten years ago by Mr. Charles Pratt, of Brooklyn, resulting in the foundation of Pratt Institute. That a man of large fortune, benevolent ideas, and some natural desire to perpetuate the memory of his good deeds by attaching his name to a large public institution, should plan an ante-mortem administration of his will, was then a comparatively new idea. The varied applications of the manual-training theory were also in their infancy at that time. Industrial schools, technical schools, manual-training and trade schools existed, but in none of these had the peculiar features which distinguish Pratt and Drexel institutes been wrought out.

Similar to these two in origin has been the Armour Institute. Doubtless the latter would not have existed without the precedent established by the former. The enthusiastic delight of the founder of Pratt, as he beheld the fruits of his gift of millions ripening before his eyes, is well known. What could be more natural than that his example should be imitated by other possessors of millions?

But the Armour Institute of Chicago, as thus far developed, is not like Pratt or Drexel in its principal intent. There is abundant evidence, both from the building and the printed curriculum, that a much closer following in the path of these two institutions was originally intended than now exists. Armour is not

a second Drexel or a third Pratt, chronologically speaking. Its intended educational aim is higher, but its scope is narrower than either of these. Though still conglomerate, it looks to a position among the purely technical schools of high grade. The Armour Institute of Technology would much better express the institution than its present name, if one could forget the existence of certain departments not found in advanced schools of technology, also its connection with the Armour Mission across the way.

As constituted at present, Armour Institute is nobly housed in a handsome six-story building of brick and terra cotta, with elegant marble

interior finishings, ample class-rooms, laboratories, and mechanical equipment. It is administered in two general departments, the technical and the scientific preparatory. In detail these include a department of mechanical engineering, departments of electricity and electrical engineering, architecture, and library science, with full courses in civil and mining engineering in prospect. Besides these, and in more or less close relations to them, are the departments of domestic arts, commerce, and kindergartens, the last-named doing normal work. Each department has its own director and staff of instructors. The department of commerce, when fully developed, will give a complete course in shorthand, type-writing, penmanship, correspondence, book-keeping, commercial law, geography, mathematics, and the necessary work in modern languages.

The classes in library science were filled at once, and are likely to remain filled, as Armour offers the only opportunity to be found in the West for obtaining a librarian's education. The library of ten thousand volumes has been selected with great care, and is largely technical. The department of electricity is a prominent feature of the institute, and its equipment is the finest in the country.

The entire fourth floor of the building is set apart for the domestic arts, and here are large, well-lighted rooms devoted to the classes in cooking, sewing, dressmaking, millinery, embroidery, and to offices. The work of this department is divided into educational and technical courses; the first supplementing the regular academic studies, while the technical course, including normal and professional classes, is intended for those who expect to become teachers of household economics or to perfect themselves as professional dressmakers, milliners, or sewing women. Miss Isabel Bullard, of the Boston Normal School, is the energetic and practical head of the department of household science, while Miss Lina Eppendorff, of Pratt Institute, is working out many original problems in her position as mistress of needlecraft.

Equally complete is the course in mechanical engineering, which provides instruction in mechanical drawing, pattern-making, machine work, brazing and soldering, blacksmith, foundry, and millwright work, boiler construction, marine, locomotive, gas and stationary engines, and other topics of importance. An excellent gymnasium is provided, and instruction in physical culture is offered for both sexes.

In no department is tuition offered free. In



THE INSTITUTE PORTAL.

most instances the fee is twenty dollars per term, with an additional charge of five dollars either for possible breakage or other injury to apparatus, or else for material used by the student. The institute is not a charitable but a philanthropic enterprise. No poor student ever has been, or ever will be, turned away for lack of means. Scholarship certificates of the value of a year's tuition are to be awarded to students who, according to the catalogue, "pass the best preparatory examination in such studies as most thoroughly fit them for the several courses of study." Similar certificates for two terms are to be given to candidates ranked second, and of

the value of one term's tuition for examinations marked third.

The average age of students appears to be greater than that of students in similar institutions elsewhere, and the proportion of girls is also greater.

The governing body of the institute consists of the president and the council of directors. The president, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, is well known as a pulpit orator, lecturer, and essayist. He is at present pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church in Chicago, and a remarkably



F. W. GUNSAULUS.

busy, as he is a remarkably popular man. His staff of directors and instructors is somewhat unusual in its composition, as they have been drawn, in many instances, from the ranks of practical men in scientific professions rather than from the ranks of professionals.

With the evolution of its new plan, combining in itself both preparatory school and technical college, a great increase of membership is expected at Armour the coming year, and new buildings are already talked of by the generous founder.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

Notable Washington Personalities.

WASHINGTON has personalities more notable than the average Congressman. Mr. Gribayedoff has caught a score of the best of them in characteristic attitudes. How many people in this broad land know Colonel Pat Donan? More than can claim personal acquaintance with any United States Senator. A soldier in the Confederacy, an editor in Missouri, the pioneer of the mining boom in New Mexico, a homesteader on the picturesque shore of Devil's Lake, Dakota, author of the glowing tribute to Duluth, "the zenith city of the unsalted seas," the beau of half a dozen successive belles at White Sulphur, boomer-in-chief for Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia, a good-natured Diogenes—Donan comes to Washington every winter. He carries a candle, not to find an honest man in politics, but to study as a philosophic recreation the development of American womanhood, which he says is seen at its best at the national capital.

When Surgeon-General Hammond left the army at the close of the war, through the machinations of enemies, he said he would come back to Washington some time and get even. He went to New York, made himself a specialist, wrote books. After twenty years he returned to build Belcourt, the finest house on the aristocratic Columbia Heights, and to stroll along Pennsylvania Avenue, setting rules of dress at defiance in a tall hat and a bobtailed coat.

For seventy-five years Congress thought it had a right to lock up recalcitrant witnesses. In the basement of the Capitol there is a bastille. Heavily-barred windows open upon a small air-shaft. At noonday the gas burns. To this prison-room Congress committed persons who refused to answer questions of investigating committees. It seems not to have occurred to the victims that such arbitrary power might have a constitutional limitation. In several cases imprisonment last for weeks. But a change came when Hallett Kilbourn heard the key turn. Mr. Kilbourn was in the real-estate business. Washington was being improved. The system of asphalt pavements was being developed. Real-estate pools were formed to reap the benefits. It was suspected that officials were profiting from inside information. Mr. Kilbourn was asked certain questions and was called upon to produce his books. He declined. Commitment followed. Kilbourn appealed to the Supreme Court and claimed damages. The court decided that a committee could not compel a witness to testify unless the matter involved a member. Congress learned that it had been imprisoning people in violation of the Constitution, and paid Mr. Kilbourn forty thousand dollars for the information.

With the flurries of the stock market incident to prospective legislation, the name of Joseph K. Rickey is often linked. Rickey is a Missouri colonel. Of that class in the capital whose profession is to prophesy what Congress will do, he is a good type. He has pursued the study of legislative indications twenty years. Smooth-faced, correctly dressed, with the prosperous, well-fed look of the financier, he possesses in a marked degree the confidence of certain Senators and Representatives.

With his overcoat across his arm, his silk hat poised precisely, and his features composed in an expression of dignity, Felix McCloskey is mistaken for nobody less than a Senator. McCloskey was once a candidate for Senator in a Western State. Failing to realize, he came to Washington and got something to do in the engine-room at the Capitol. He allied himself with Tammany Hall. He has become a fixture of Congress. A party of visitors invaded the dominion of McCloskey one day and admired the scrupulously clean engine-room, the great bank of boilers, and the massive plant of polished machinery.

"What is the horse-power?" asked a practical-minded member of the party.

"Horse-power!" exclaimed Felix McCloskey with fine scorn; "it's steam power."

For forty years "Old Billy" McGarrahan has been one of Washington's familiar characters. He claims the title to the Rio Pancha land grant in California. A corporation holds it and mines quicksilver from it. McGarrahan came to Washington before the war, and has been urging Congress ever since to right him. In President Lincoln's time, McGarrahan's quiet persistence had made him known. On one occasion a Senator, tired of the claimant's importunities, gave him a letter to Mr. Lincoln asking the President to make some order on the Interior Department in McGarrahan's interest. "Sign the ——— thing," wrote the Senator in conclusion. Mr. Lincoln complied, and wrote back to the Senator:

"I have signed the ——— thing."

Six times the McGarrahan bill has gone through the House and three times it passed the Senate, but, unfortunately, it only passed both branches in one Congress. Then it went to President Harrison and he vetoed it. The venerable claimant fell sick after that, but he rallied. Men of his tenacity have great recuperative powers. He is still reminding members of his rights.

An equally persistent but more successful claimant Washington knows well in the form of Colonel Samuel Chester Reid. His grandfather commanded the privateer *Armstrong* and went down fighting the battle of Fayal, administering such damage to the British fleet that it was unable to reach New Orleans until General Jackson had completed his preparations to win that battle. Sixty years after the long-tom thundered at Fayal, a tardy grateful republic recognized the services of Colonel Reid's ancestor and made a suitable appropriation. Colonel Reid's claim became the basis of the play known as "The Senator."

A distinguished-looking man strolled into the House the other day, sat in the seat of a member, put a broad-brimmed soft hat on the desk, and looked around him curiously. He recognized nobody. Nobody knew him. Yet he was once a Congressman of national reputation. He was a major-general in the Union army before he came to Congress. General Grant made him Governor of Montana. Other political honors were offered, but he turned his back on them and became a Baptist preacher. He has charge of a church in Washington. He has been general, honorable, and governor; now he is plain Rev. Green Clay Smith.

"I'm a bigger man than old Grant," a newly-elected doorkeeper of the House proudly wrote to his Texas friends. He found himself the dispenser of much patronage, flattered and importuned by members of Congress, and unhampered by any civil-service meddling. Ex-members of Congress have campaigned vigorously for this position, which is held now by a young Mississippian, Mr. A. B. Hurt. The corresponding position at the Senate end of the Capitol is sergeant-at-arms, and that appointment was given recently to Colonel Richard Bright, the Indiana Democrat who has been doorkeeper of national conventions since Tilden's time. There is one more functionary who is better known about Washington than most Congressmen. He is Ike Hill, of Ohio, the Democratic whip. His business is to know the habits and haunts of all Democratic members. Upon his experience and zeal his party relies for the production of the elusive quorum.

The largest man in Washington is not the President. He is "Cap" Maddox. The President's weight varies about the three hundred point. "Cap" Maddox, the personal friend of

all Senators and Representatives south of Mason and Dixon's line, sees Mr. Cleveland's avoirdupois and goes sixty pounds better. He is a famous story-teller, and when he begins to talk the Southerners forget the silver question and cluster around him.

The physical antithesis of "Cap" Maddox is ex-Congressman John R. Fellows, who is still a frequent visitor to Washington, although his official duties are elsewhere.

The first Congressman from California, and the man who was second to Senator Broderick when the latter fell in the duel at Terry's hands, is one of the striking chapters in the walking history to be studied on Pennsylvania Avenue. He is a McKibben, one of the four famous brothers who went out from Pennsylvania to find distinction.

A quaint personality is George O. Jones, short and stout, with bushy white whiskers, great spectacles, a soft hat that rivals Senator Stewart's in size and style, and a coat that reaches to his ankles. Mr. Jones is the Greenback party. He is well-to-do, and lives in Washington while Congress is here, for the purpose of disseminating his views upon finance. Every year he issues an address. He constructs ingenious charts. He is all that is left of the once famous flat money political organization.

There is to be seen every day in Washington a double for Napoleon, and his name is not Andrew McKinley, but General Floyd King, formerly a Congressman from Louisiana; now a statesman out of a job. General King focused public attention last summer by volunteering to go to yellow-fever stricken Brunswick and take charge of things.

A half-hour on Pennsylvania Avenue will fill the mental sketch-book with faces and figures which have no official relationship with the government, but yet are in various ways of real national interest.

WALTER B. STEVENS.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETE

COLLEGE FOOT-BALL.

THE college foot-ball elevens are just beginning their spring practice, with the hope of developing new material for the positions which will be left vacant by the men who finish their college course this summer. The advantage of this early work has been doubted by some of the authorities on the game, but the captains continue it. In this connection it is interesting to ask who will coach the Harvard eleven next fall. Yale has, of course, all her graduates to work together, and Princeton will be guided by Phil King, but the recent trouble at Harvard between the foot-ball management and the athletic committee will surely be felt next year. Mr. Stewart, who has been in charge during three of the last four seasons, is apparently not looked upon with favor in some quarters, and may not be induced to coach again, inasmuch as he recognizes the feeling against him. But if he throws up the place who is there to take it? Captain Emmons is a warm admirer of Mr. Stewart, and may prevail upon him to keep his position, but it is very doubtful. Altogether the new Harvard captain is not to be envied.

THE BICYCLE RACERS.

Zimmerman, the bicycle rider, who for so many seasons has been at the top of his profession—and the word "profession" is used advisedly—has decided to be an amateur no longer, even in name, and hereafter will race for money. He has, without doubt, been influenced by the splendid financial offers which have been made him, and has made up his mind that he can earn more money as a professional than as an amateur. His real position will not be changed in the least, however. The great majority of the bicycle racers in this country are professionals, and have been for years, although they have paraded as amateurs. How a man can earn his living by riding in bicycle races, by winning prizes which he afterward sells, and by receiving sums of money for riding the machine of a particular maker, and yet not be a professional, is a question which only the League of American Wheelmen can answer.

PROFESSIONALS AND AMATEURS.

For years it has been the habit of bicycle manufacturers to pay regular and stated salaries to the prominent racing men who rode the machine of the factory. The League of American Wheelmen has known this all the time and yet has not attempted to disqualify such riders; this year it has put them in a separate class, and says they must not race with the other amateurs who are not paid to ride a certain machine, but the league still calls both classes amateurs. When the officials of the organization are asked why they allow such open pro-

fessionalism in the ranks, they say that everybody must for himself determine the meaning of the words "professional" and "amateur," and that the League of American Wheelmen has a perfect right to say what it wants the definitions of these words to be. It is just as easy and just as sensible to deny that two and two make four, to assert that the sum is five, and to demand that this problem be taught in at least some of the public schools. A man who plays ball for a salary is a professional, and does not pretend to call himself anything else, although he may spend part of his time in some other pursuit; but here is another who rides a bicycle for money and yet is called an amateur. The distinction between them does not exist.

SELLING PRIZES.

Two other things are generally admitted, although it is impossible to prove them. One is that the riders regularly sell their prizes, in fact that pawn brokers are always present at the large racing meets so that the winners may immediately get cash for their prizes. Is any one so foolish as to imagine that the men who have won scores and scores of diamond studs, gold watches, pianos and such things, keep them? If they did, their houses would hardly be large enough to contain the valuables. The truth is that they are sold almost as soon as they are won. The other thing referred to is the practice of paying racers for entering the events at certain meets. A man wants to hold bicycle races and feels that to attract the people he must have some of the "crack" riders compete. So he goes to the manager of one of the most prominent and says: "If your man will put his name on my list of entries he shall receive fifty dollars. If he actually rides he shall have one hundred dollars more." Such offers are often made during the racing season. It frequently happens also that one of these riders goes to a place for the purpose of breaking the fastest record ever made on the track. Ostensibly he receives no prize unless he succeeds in breaking the record, but who believes that he is not paid? Why should he go five hundred miles or more with the chance that he may get no reward?

Members of the League of American Wheelmen admit all the accusations against the riders, although they say it is impossible to prove most of them, but defend the course of the organization on the ground that it cannot afford to do anything else; that the league would go to pieces if these so-called amateurs were expelled, and that no one would go to the races. Such arguments appear very childish. If the League of American Wheelmen cannot be honest and exist, it had better die. It is probably true, also, that if all these professionals were expelled immediately, and the league held purely amateur races, the interest would be just as great as it is now.

LAWN TENNIS.

With a few more days of good weather the lawn-tennis season will be in full sway, although the tournaments of importance will not begin for some time. On May 5th, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia will hold their separate college tournaments, and from these it will be possible to form some estimate of the players who will take part in the final contests of the season at Bar Harbor, Narragansett Pier, and Newport. Ex-champion Campbell played in and won the tournament at St. Augustine, March 27th, and his appearance there has led many people to believe that he would again try for the championship of the national association. It is said on good authority, however—so good as to leave no room for doubt—that Campbell has given up tennis for good. He played at St. Augustine because he had won the tournament twice, and a third victory was necessary to make the splendid cup offered there his personal property. Content with that record and his place in the game, he will rest on his laurels.

Champion R. D. Wrenn has a hard season's work before him. If he follows the custom set by his predecessors he will not play in the early tournaments, but will devote himself to practice-games until he meets the strongest players of the country at Newport. Wrenn is an erratic though brilliant player, and it is impossible to predict how he will finish the season, but it will be a general surprise if he again wins the national championship. In seven games out of every ten last season Wrenn would have been beaten by Hovey or Hobart, and the result of the final contest was the greatest surprise which has ever been known in tennis. Hovey is now practicing law in Boston, and says he will not play this year, but will devote all his time to his clients. But when the pleasant days of May and June have come he may be persuaded to handle his racket once more. Hobart has already announced his intention of playing in the important tournaments, and will

be seen again at Newport. With an ordinary amount of luck, Hobart will win the championship.

Riding the Range.

SADDLE and sinche, strap slickers on,
And ride in the teeth of the bitter dawn
To hunt, in the norther's icy flaw,
For cattle thieves in some lonely draw.
Ride all day at a cruel pace,
Your beard in icicles on your face:
Ride till the light comes on to fail,
Your cattle drifting before the gale.
Try, as the night begins to frown,
Vainly, to bunch them and bed them down.
Reel in your saddle and dream and wake—
Dear were the price of your least mistake,
For rout and ruin and death and despair
Are out on their phantom steeds of air,
Riding the range.

When the prairie's smile, like the smile of God,
Sends a blessing of beauty from bush and sod,
Then the birds sing loud, and the winds ping, too,
That the earth is green and the sky is blue
Like a dome of sapphire builded high—
Like nothing else but a Texas sky.
There is spring in the air and spring in your blood,
That beats through your heart in a quickened flood,
Till that heart, like a maverick, goes astray,
Poor yearling fool—let it play, let it play!
While the breeze is a sigh and the sun is a kiss,
All life was made for a day like this.
When, under the span of these matchless skies,
You shall meet Dan Cupid, with bandaged eyes
Riding the range.

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

The Unexpected in the Kaiser's City.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

BERLIN, April 2d, 1894.

AFTER long years of provincialism Berlin is gradually approaching a state of cosmopolitanism hardly second to New York, and almost equal to Paris. Since 1876 this city has grown like a veritable Chicago, but by far more beautiful, and with that characteristic regularity called *stielgerecht*. Foremost in her improvements have been the public hotels, on a par with the grand and princely taverns of New York. It is safe to say that the best hotels in England are secondary to Berlin's latest creation—the Palast Hotel, on the Leipziger Platz, which is the talk of central Europe just now.

When, some years ago, Herr Eaurath Heim and that most public-spirited capitalist, Herr Rathenow, began to expend several millions of marks on this edifice, people looked askance and shook their heads. But these had the courage of their convictions, and to-day we have a palace, indeed, replete with all the elegance of New York's latest creations in this particular. But the public, even in this conservative town, is capricious and exacting. When, however, some months ago, the élite of the city were invited to the opening ceremonies, the house was taxed to its utmost capacity.

It was a scene of unusual splendor. The dining-rooms, of which, aside from the grand banquetting-hall, there are several, are finished in gold with artistic frescoing and costly painted ceilings; the Italian marble pillars, as smooth as glass, reflecting under hundreds of electric lights, are artistically arranged. Costly lace curtains of rare design drape large, stained windows and fall on heavy Persian carpets which deaden every possible noise. Each room is fitted up in a different color, from the smoking-room in heavy carved walnut, past the reading-room in cozy blue plush, with divans and *chaise-longes*, up to the grand salon, where a myriad of electric lights show to great advantage costly statuary, fine paintings, and separate tables, ornamented with fruit pyramids and large bouquets of fresh-cut flowers, whose perfume fills the air. The dainty silver and crystal service, handsome in design and delicate in



NILS O. TRULLSSON.

quality, together with the lithe, medium-sized, polite and always youthful waiters—as a rule either Viennese or Italian—gliding noiselessly, ever attentively, now appearing and again disappearing before you are scarce aware of them—while a military orchestra discourses choice music—is a picture verily hitherto unknown in this city.

But whose is the mind which sets this clock-work in motion? Equal and in many respects superior except in size to the Grand Hotel of Paris, it needs a master mind to control a legion of details which constantly appear and reappear in a thousand shapes on this continent. It was a difficult and very debatable question for the owners as to who should be

the responsible manager, to whom their millions invested here were to be intrusted. Not a few from this city and many hundreds throughout Europe had applied for the position. But Mr. Rathenow's clear judgment promptly settled upon one who was the last to look for the place—a man singularly adapted, with much ability and rare tact—Mr. Nils O. Trullsson.

Here is an incident which more than ought else goes to show that for some the chances are as favorable in this country as they are in America. Up to his fourteenth year Mr. Trullsson did manual work on his father's farm near Malmö, Sweden. The boy had received a disciplinary training, like most of his sturdy countrymen who have become some of the best citizens of our country. Soon after that he was apprenticed to a local hotel in Malmö, and compelled to begin at the beginning. From the meagre salary he managed, however, to save a pittance with which he immigrated to this city. Here he began his linguistic studies. Aside from his own, German was the first language he had acquired. After a brief stay in the largest hotel of Berlin, we find him in England, where he soon secured the esteem of his employers by strict attention to duty. He liked the English language, and preferred it even to his own. But he had set for himself a high mark—to see the world and learn all there was in hotel life. Next we find him in Paris. Here his services were recognized at their proper value, and his linguistic abilities secured for him exceptional engagements. While in the capital of France he made the acquaintance of Boulanger, then in the zenith of his fame, and it grew to friendship.

At this time, barely twenty-three, he spoke, besides the Scandinavian languages, also German, English and French, and now he resolved to know Italian. For this purpose he spent several years in the principal cities of Italy, and finally landed in Monte Carlo and San Remo, during the sojourn of the late Emperor Frederick. He had now grown to manhood, and, ripe with experience, took charge of the leading hotel, where royalty and the leading men of Europe were his guests. In the freshness of maturing manhood, with a handsome presence, fair face, and frank, blue eyes, and all the *suavité* and tact of large experience, he soon became a general favorite, and, as may be expected, secured a personal *clétielle*. At this time he received a call from the leading hotel of Berlin, which he promptly accepted. And when, not long ago, Fortune selected him as her favorite, and he was invited to take charge of this palace, with a salary hardly second to the best pay in New York, "he did not hesitate to make hay while the sun shines."

And this young man, only twenty-eight, in the fullness of experience and health, with a level head, even temper, and unalterable purpose, although a foreigner, as it were, promises, nevertheless, to become the leading factor among Berlin *hot-liers*. Perhaps his nativity may account for the generous attention bestowed upon him everywhere. "Let me show you my collection of mementoes," he said to me a few days ago, and I accompanied him into a cozily-furnished office, and saw presents from royalty, statesmen, etc. Krupp, of Essen, has given him many exceptional presents, as also many Americans, but not least among these is a large variety of love-letters, often accompanied by tokens of tender affection, sent him anonymously. "Think of it," he went on, "these pretty missives arrive quite often, but, to my extreme regret, I am unable to discover their authors. Is it not too bad?"—and the fair Swede sighed sincerely.

Much, indeed, is required of a hotel manager in Europe. He is the first to rise, invariably the last to retire. He is omnipresent, and always on time. You are bowed in from the cab, across the carpeted sidewalk and into the palatial foyer. You have no time to notice the grand gilded marble staircase, or the deep plate mirrors in antique gold frames. Several uniformed lackeys, in high tiles, parcel your baggage, as it were, and, presto, you are landed "pr. lift," in a gorgeous chamber with low, wide, downy beds, rich, red covered furniture, and long windows looking out on the Leipziger and Potsdamer platz—a scene similar to that on Madison Square on a busy afternoon. Electricity is in your room, and with equal expeditionness is the service. The manager greets you again in the gorgeous dining-room. "Have you a comfortable seat? Is your plate warm? Is your wine rightly tempered? Waiter! turn the shade of that light over there; it annoys the gentleman. I recommend you this vintage," and he selects a choice brand, really fit for the gods. anon he turns to a table with pretty ladies. "Waiter! another spoon," and the elastic *Vieillesse* swiftly returns with a tiny gilded spoon on an immaculate napkin, and with politest deference places it near a tiny cup of purest *Mr. Cha*.

And thus Mr. Trullsson watches your moods, your comfort and appetite, up to the last minute, when, with the blandest of smiles, he cues your pocket-book at parting, and sends you off rejoicing, with the actual resolve growing in your heart to return, if ever again you come this way.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

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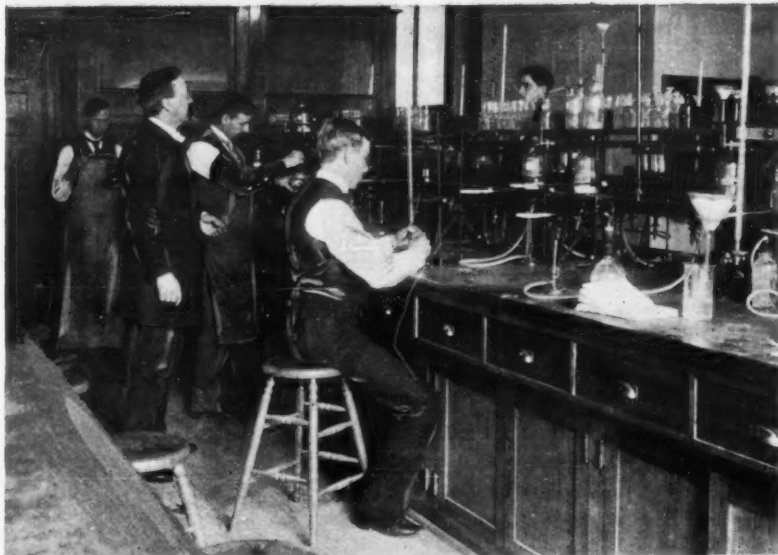
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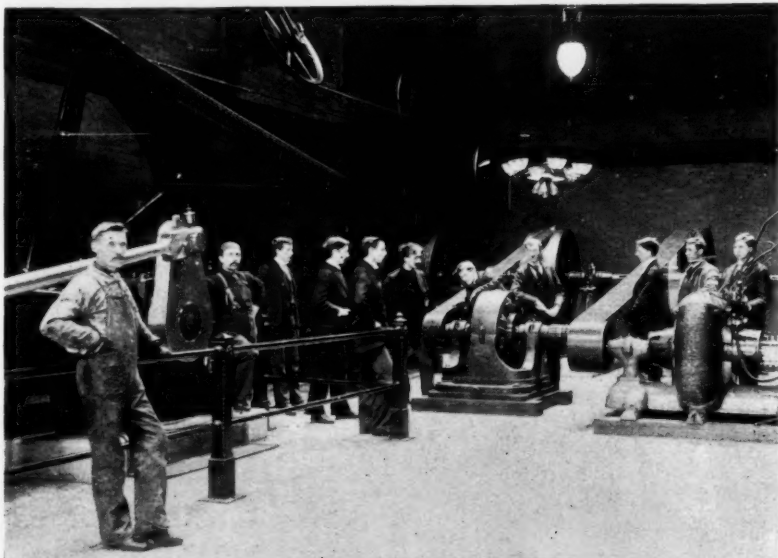
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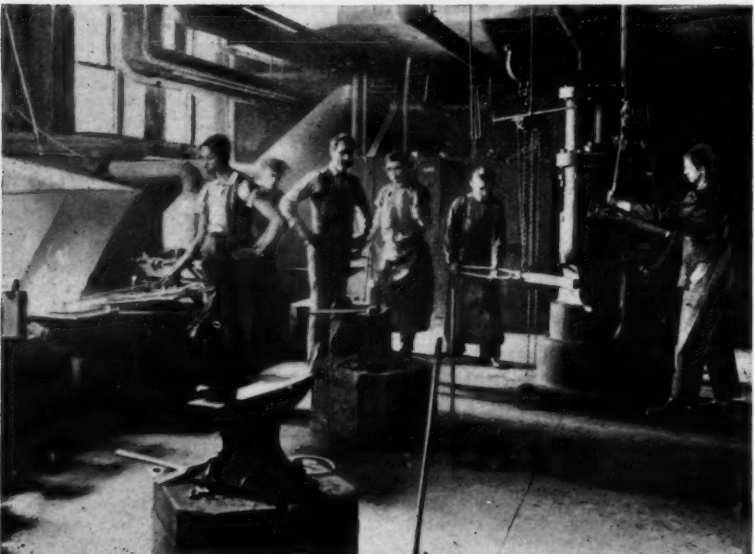
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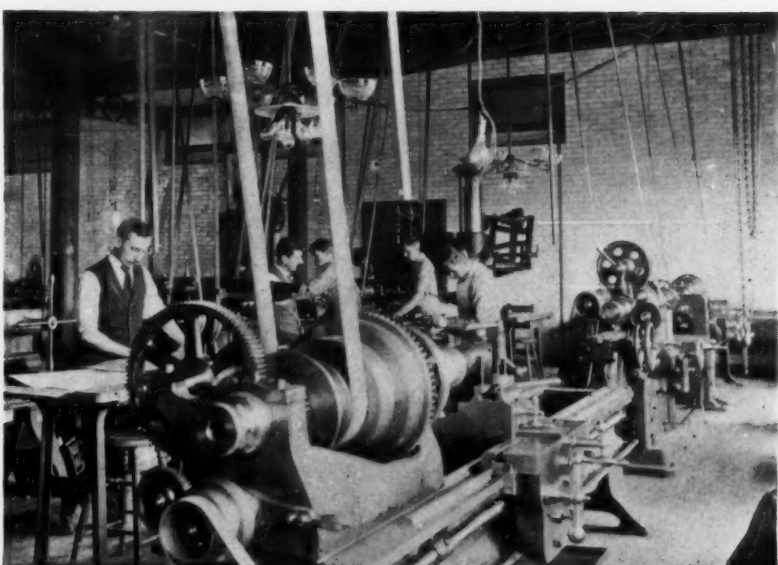
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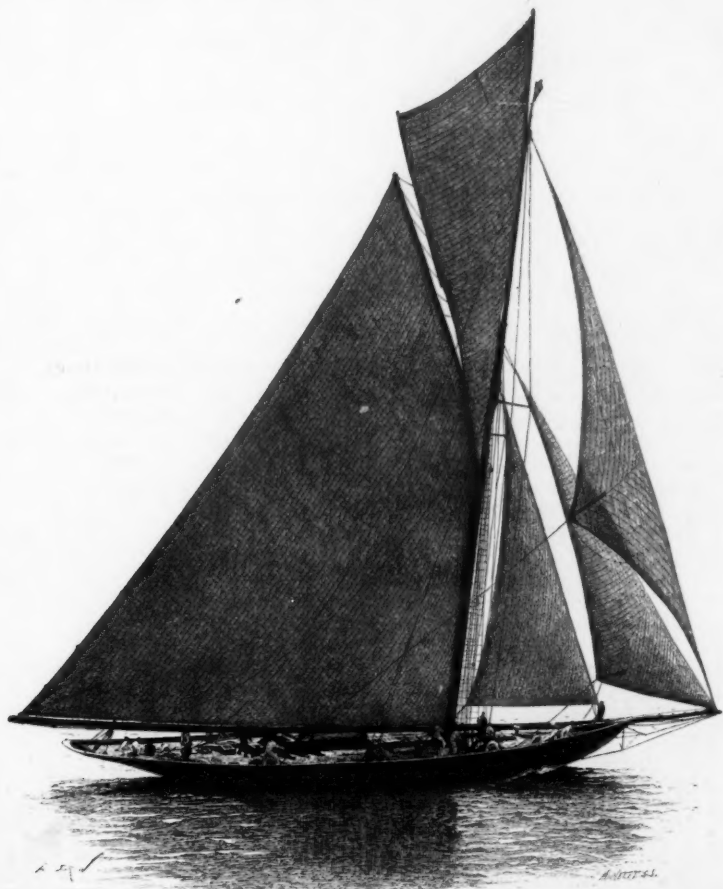


IN MACHINERY HALL.

A GREAT PHILANTHROPIC ENTERPRISE—THE ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. J. DEWEY.
[SEE ARTICLE BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH ON PAGE 278.]



THE EMPERORS OF RUSSIA, AUSTRIA, AND GERMANY, ARBITERS OF PEACE OR WAR IN EUROPE.—*Illustrated London News*.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S YACHT, "BRITANNIA," WINNER IN THE RACES AT NICE. *L'illustration*.

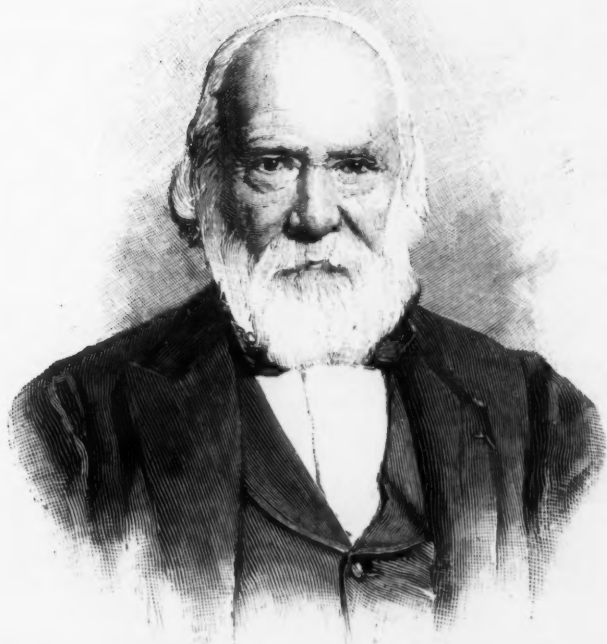


THE OBSEQUIES OF LOUIS KOSSUTH AT TURIN, ITALY. *L'illustration*.



"There is no doubt that a feeling widely prevails in Liberal and Radical sections declining to accept Mr. Gladstone's retirement as in any way final or irrevocable. There is no saying more common in the political clubs than that the Old Man will soon be back again as fresh as the flowers in May."—*Westminster Gazette*.

A DREAM OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.—*The Sketch*.



THE LATE M. BROWN-SEQUARD.—*Paris L'illustration*.

AN EXPERIENCED HAND.

"BUT, my good man, sheep-shearing requires a man who is used to the shears."
"Well, that's all right. I have been engaged for three years in preparing editorials for a country weekly."—*Judge*.

AN ASPIRATED PUZZLE.

TRAVELER (relating adventure)—"And the boat's screw being disabled, we were compelled to lay to."

Listener—"Pardon me, did I understand you to say the boat's screw, or the boat's crew?"

Traveler (indignantly)—"I said the boat-screw. Is that plain enough?"

Listener—"Oh, yes; thanks."—*Judge*.

ACCEPTED THE DOCTRINE.

LITTLE Frances's parents have been discussing reincarnation and the small maiden has acquired some of its phraseology.

"Mamma," she said one day, "my kitty must have been a pin in a previous state of existence, for I can feel 'em in her claws yet."—*Judge*.

NO USE FOR FIRE-LIGHT.

MRS. PERCUSHING—"Henry, I smell fire, I tell you!"

Mr. Percushing—"Well, I can't find any fire, and I've been all over the house."

Mrs. Percushing—"Well, light the candle and take another look. How could you find it in the dark, you idiot?"—*Judge*.

SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT.

DR. PARFIS (after examining Mr. Gargoy's condition)—"What you need, my dear sir, is more exercise."

Mr. Gargoy—"Doctor, have you forgotten that I am the father of twins?"—*Judge*.

WANTED WILLIE'S RESPECT.

FATHER—"Bobby, I thought I told you to divide that apple with your little sister."

Bobby—"Well, I wasn't going to have Willie Bryan think we had only one apple in the house."—*Judge*.

A CASE IN POINT.

TROTTER—"Do you believe that pleasant environments are necessary to achieve success in art?"

Barlow—"By no means. I know an artist who has always lived in Chicago who does some really good work."—*Judge*.

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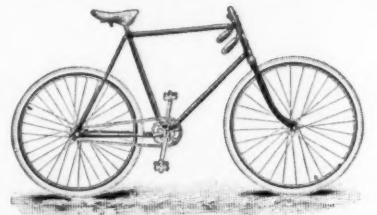
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—Judge.

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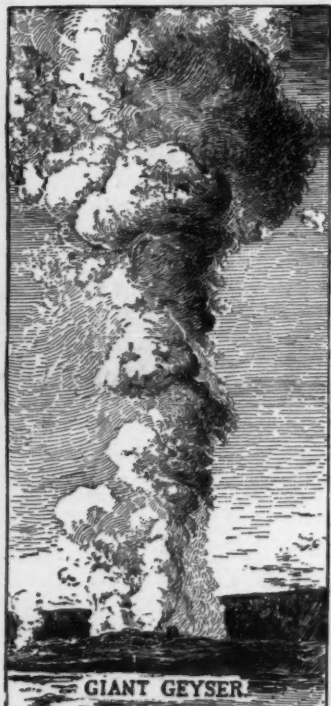
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